

THE STUDENT

NO GHOST

October 2023

35.1



MY PLEA TO A WORLD THAT WON'T GIVE ME A VOICE

DISCUSSING PALESTINE AND HOW YOU CAN HELP

By: Salem Khoury

We cannot speak or we will be criticized. Our words are twisted around to be unrecognizable. We cannot grieve before losing more to horrific oppression. We cannot avoid the articles with titles like: “The hospital yard is filled with corpses,” says Gaza medical director.” We don’t get to walk around our hometown without a deep rooted paranoia following us. The question echoes in my mind, but it’s almost too much to consider: “What would they do if they knew who I was?”

This is one of the most frightening times to be Arab, let alone Palestinian, and it has never been harder to combat the Zionist propaganda that has overtaken my phone and the world around me. People everywhere are scared, and they are struggling to continue searching for a reality that doesn’t seem to exist: a world where Palestinians are free to exist in their homeland without the threat of violence, ethnic cleansing, ongoing apartheid practices, and over 75 years of genocide. This is a world that hasn’t been afforded the right to effectively grieve.

Even talking about Palestine is increasingly challenging in Western society.

As a Palestinian, I must educate but not overwhelm anyone. I must know all the details but shield the public from the cruelty occurring in real time; and because of this I have to hinder sincere discussion of occupation, death, and brutal acts of racism. If we are to be allowed to talk about Palestine, we must

be the expert. We are forced to detach emotionally from our connection to the subject and act as objective reporters, preferring Western “vetted” voices, rather than indigenous ones and avoiding any source that could be labeled biased or provocative. We are required to satisfy the never-ending demand for palatable rhetoric, while processing the most disturbing realities in solitude.

Palestine needs a network of outspoken support in order to properly reflect the reality of what is occurring in Gaza. But even if we acquired the right platform, evading boycott and censorship is nearly impossible. Palestine forever remains on the defensive. We plead with the media for objective engagement with our reality and with those who possess a multitude



of outreach tactics. But when they finally report on the situation, it's not produced for Palestine; it is produced to capture more attention to false accounts, short-term histories, or Israeli-centric perspectives. It is a common occurrence for the media to modify aspects of the story in order to produce a provocative narrative. By doing so, they gain more influence through exploiting the crisis to the public. These misleading sources lead to a never-ending battle to defend our reputation and the suppression of any opportunity to speak on any relevant histories or provide sufficient context.

We solely bear the destruction of the misguided words and framing of other biased news and social media bullies. It is evident that an endless supply of false information can be conjured up by powerful governments and their willing supplicants to spin a completely different narrative on the struggle of occupation and apartheid against one marginalized group of people.

Nevertheless, this is not the time to be bowing our heads and succumbing to the negativity. There is hope to be found in grassroots, local organizations such as the Students for Justice in Palestine (SJP). Student voices have been and will remain a spark for positive change.

Let me be clear. Palestine's quest for self-determination and freedom is not "too nuanced to understand." It is easy for casual spectators far removed from the setting to dismiss the severity of the situation, saying "it's too complicated," or "an endless cycle of violence." Settler-colonial occupation is quite simple in its aims of marginalization and even extermination of indigenous populations. Israel's persistent and well-documented violations of the Geneva Conventions, UN resolutions, and other facets of international law is not subject to interpretation. The crime of apartheid, imposed on millions of Palestinians, has been transparently demonstrated, and indeed, continually refined, since Israel's founding in 1948.

Palestine is an uncomfortable topic for the majority of people who put distance between themselves and the news that is produced. That kind of mindset is simply not possible for the situation at hand. That guilt that comes from a lack of knowledge manifests as insecurity, which pushes people further from wanting to engage, but the fact remains that it is a completely avoidable mindset.

Western society, in which we are prompted to educate, demands an impossibly high caliber of report on how we engage in this conflict, putting pressure on the research and depths we must dive into. Despite this, learning about Palestine doesn't have to be a subject that people fear or avoid. Start here.

Listen to first person accounts of those living through occupation or finding news sources that are helpful and free of corporate backing to give our struggle a voice. If we navigate through the misinformation more diligently, we can pave the path to understanding. We must work hard to explore what can be done in relief of the blatant oppression at hand.

That barrier of communication that exists between the citizens of the U.S. and Palestine is detrimental to the cause. We do not have the ability to combat every piece of misinformation but a larger concern is that we have no audience. This paints a picture that the world does not care about us and does not want to hear from us. From the view of the media and our elected officials, it appears that Palestinian lives just do not matter. How can we spread our voice and our support to a population that tunes us out?

Palestine has been hurting for over 75 years, and there is no justice in sight. Rather, Israel continues its violent projects and decimates my homeland in their ongoing effort to either ethnically cleanse or squeeze the fight out of my people.

I will not sit by and watch as the citizens of Palestine are dying and Palestinians across the globe are being muzzled from expressing their outrage towards the Israeli government's genocide against innocents. If you want to help or start to understand what can be done now, start by educating yourself with resources, such as reliefweb.int, visualizingpalestine.org, decolonizepalestine.com, mondoweiss.net, or 972mag.com.

Even if you don't have all the right words, voice your opposition to Israeli occupation with your representatives and senators, attend rallies, speak to Palestinians, and show the people of Palestine—especially Gaza—that they are not going unheard. It is never too late to involve yourself if you feel confused, hopeless, or at a loss of what to do. There will always be someone out there who wants to listen and make an effort. So, I urge you, listen to Palestine and know that we are suffering, but remain vigilant, as we continue searching for a reality where liberation is within our reach.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON STUDENTS FOR JUSTICE IN PALESTINE

October 20, 2023

STATEMENT ON CURRENT EVENTS



The Israeli government has placed the Gaza Strip, one of the occupied Palestinian territories, under a total siege following the Oct. 7th attack by Hamas on Israeli soldiers and civilians. Supplies of water, food, fuel, medicine, and other basic necessities have ceased, throwing two million Palestinians, the vast majority of whom are civilians, into a dire humanitarian crisis. The Israeli Defense Forces (IDF), using American-made aircraft and artillery, are now conducting an intense and unrelenting bombardment of Gaza.

Bombs have leveled entire city blocks, schools, mosques and churches. In one particularly horrifying incident, a missile or rocket—almost surely fired by Israeli forces—obliterated a hospital and killed hundreds. Since October 7th, over 5,000 people have been killed and thousands

more wounded, the vast majority of these Palestinians in the Gaza Strip. Per the United Nations, over one million Palestinians have been internally displaced in Gaza, about half of the territory's population.

These recent events are the brutal culmination of over 75 years of occupation, dispossession, and apartheid inflicted on the Palestinian people at the hands of the Israeli state, with the active complicity of Western powers—above all the government of the United States. Today, the actions and statements of Israel's leaders constitute more than simply violations of the laws of war, however egregious. Rather, they are steps towards the full physical eviction or extermination of a subject people—that is, towards genocide.

As Americans and people living in the United States, it is in our power to stop these inhumane crimes. To advocate for the rights of Palestinian people and their land, we as students of the University of Oregon have deemed it necessary to join in the global movement to educate and advocate for a free Palestine. University of Oregon Students for Justice in Palestine (UO SJP) say *no* to genocide, *no* to our political leaders who are acting to abet it—including our Senators Jeff Merkley and Ron Wyden and member of Congress Val Hoyle—and *no* to the corporations and capitalists profiting off it.

Along with millions of others around the world who have demonstrated in solidarity with Palestine in recent days, we demand *peace* and *justice*. That means three things: first, an immediate ceasefire and the admission of humanitarian aid into Gaza. Second, the divestment of public institutions, including the University of Oregon, from firms that profit off the occupation. And third, US support for negotiations towards a political settlement in the region.

To realize these goals, SJP aims to build a powerful mass movement to educate students and force politicians to act. If you are horrified by the violence, you're not alone. Follow @sjp.uo on Instagram, email us at sjp-uoregon@gmail.com, and join us at our weekly Friday meetings at the Multicultural Center (EMU 109) from 3-4 PM to learn how you can take action now.

GTFF FUNERAL FOR UO's PUBLIC

By: Adrian A.

PROMISE

On Friday, October 13th, the UO chapter of the GTFF (Graduate Teaching Fellows Federation) held a mock funeral to mourn the death of UO's Public Promise, followed by a practice picket outside the Knight Library. From @gtff3544 on Instagram: "UO has failed its commitment to the public by refusing to pay education workers fairly, and we're fighting to change that."



Above: Picket sign bearing the text "Workers of the World, Unite!" Anyone reading this article probably knows the origin of this slogan.



Left: A crowd of protesters, dressed in black, gathered on the lawn outside of the Knight Library. Many people were graduate students / members of GTFF, but there were also a handful of bystanders or supporters that participated.

Right: A sign held at the picket reading "We Want Bread & Roses!" Bread and Roses is a political

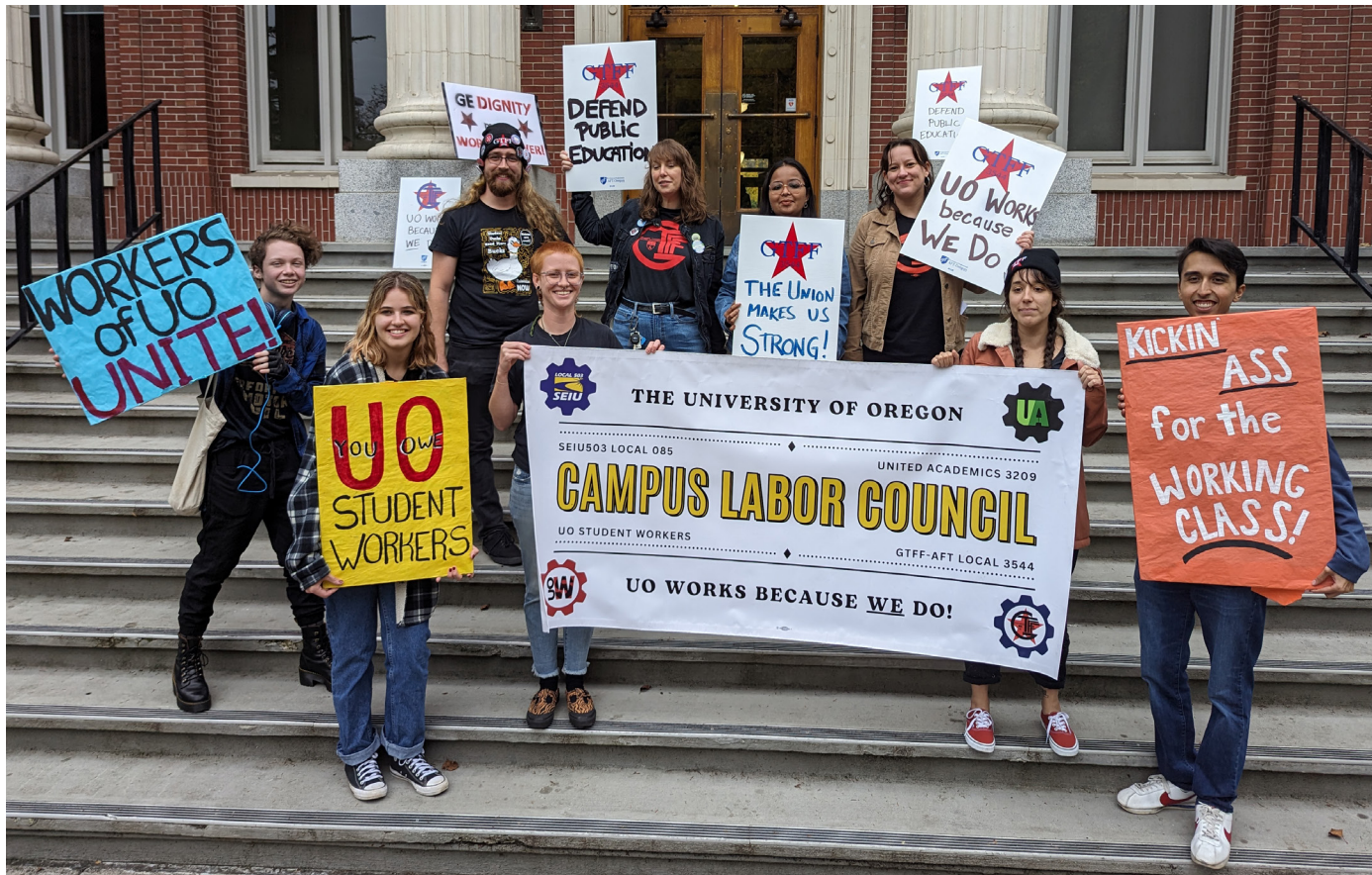
slogan based off of a poem and is commonly associated with the 1912 Textile Strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts, appealing for fair wages and dignified conditions.



Right: Members of the GTFF and UO Student Workers stand behind a wooden casket, dressed for a typical funeral wake. Multiple speeches were given, predominantly featuring testimony from graduate student workers about how their wages are incapable of covering the cost of living in Eugene. Two signs at the front read "Student or Worker[sic] It's Both!" and "Student/Worker Solidarity"



“UNITED WE BARGAIN, DIVIDED WE BEG”



Above: Organizers from UOSW and GTFF gathered in front of Johnson Hall, holding picket signs and a banner for the Campus Labor Council, the coalition of the four unions representing workers on campus.

By: Dorian Blue and Azzi Lescio

On October 20th, University of Oregon Student Workers (UOSW) and the Graduate Teaching Fellows Federation (GTFF) held a joint rally outside Johnson Hall to demonstrate their collective power and call for solidarity between undergrad and grad student workers.

For GTFF, the rally marked the latest stage of their bargaining process with UO for a new contract. Their main demands are across-the-board salary increases to address unprecedented cost-of-living increases in Eugene, better resources and support for international students and caregivers, and better discrimination protections. After seven months of continuous bargaining, GTFF and UO administration have reached an impasse.

For UOSW, the rally came just a few days before their union election came to an end, certifying UO Student Workers in a decisive 1055-30 vote as the

official representative of almost 4,000 undergraduate students working on campus. Their speakers emphasized the importance in not just voting to certify the union but also pledging solidarity with GTFF as they move toward a potential strike.

Multiple members of GTFF leadership spoke, including a member of the bargaining team, the chair for the RAGE (Research Assistant Graduate Employee) Committee, and a representative for international GEs. A UO Student Workers leader and Young Democratic Socialists of America member also spoke, expressing undergraduate solidarity for GTFF and thanking GTFF for all the help and inspiration they have provided to UO Student Workers.

“After the impasse was declared, we have entered a seven day period where the last offers are made by both sides to the Labor Relations Board. Then, we enter a 30 day cooling off period,” said Ben Benanix, a member of the GTFF bargaining team.

After the cooling off period, UO

administration can impose the contract whether GTFF likes it or not, but in response, GTFF members can then vote to strike.

Undergraduate students can support GEs by signing GTFF's Solidarity Pledge, a promise to stand with GTFF if they strike, and not cross their picket lines by taking jobs doing their work. The link is available on their social media and website and simply requires a student's 95 number and virtual signature.

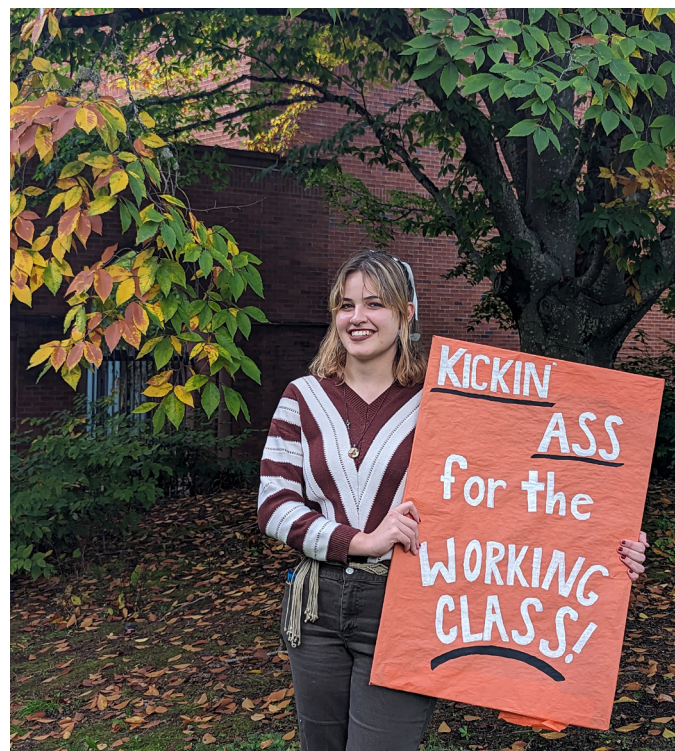
"We will continue to be visible on campus and show that we are united and are ready to walk out of work," Benanix said.

GTFF is reaching a pivotal time in their campaigning. Whether a strike becomes necessary or not, The Insurgent, as a primarily undergraduate student publication, will continue to stand firmly in solidarity with them. UO only works because they do and they deserve a living wage.



Above: Rocky Penick, GE in biology: "We need to trust each other, and we can only build that trust by talking to and seeing each other. I don't mean just your officemate or your labmates. Not even just your stewards. We, the rank-and-file, need to connect with each other and show that we care. We need to ask what each of us can do to support our community."

Right: Diego Duarte, UOSW organizer and YDSA political education chair: "The path to victory is not only clear, it is the easiest thing in the world if we work together. The great power of labor, the great power of the people, is that all we have to do is stop.... The boss has no power except for what we grant him from a place of fear."



Above: Carolyn Roderique, UOSW organizer and RA: "With the power of our labor and the ability to withhold it we can change the direction our university is moving. We can change course from greed to public good, from undervaluing to appreciating our labor, and to following through on its mission and values. We're here to demonstrate that the UO admin may not be committed to their mission, but we are."



Photos by Azzi Lescio

PEACEHEALTH DIE-IN PROTEST

By: Brigham B.H.

On Friday, October 13th, members of the Eugene and University of Oregon community gathered in front of the PeaceHealth University District Hospital to protest the proposed closing of the only major medical center proximate to the U of O and downtown Eugene. The nearest hospital for nearly 200,000 residents will now be Riverbend Hospital in Springfield, which is nearly an additional 15 minute journey compared to the current commute.

I talked to Chris Rompala, a staff nurse at Riverbend and the chair of the Oregon Nurses Association bargaining team, to get a better idea of why this protest was happening, and the symbolism of the “die-in” method.

“The intent of this action is to show PeaceHealth executives that our community does really need these resources. We plan to lay for 15 minutes, because that’s about the amount of time it takes to get to Riverbend.”

As Rajeev Ravisankar, a member of the Graduate Teaching Fellows Federation (GTFF) brought up during his time at the podium, this 15 minutes may seem miniscule on its face, but the consequences are, as both he and Chris put it, “dire.”

“From the time that it could take to get to the hospital especially on high-traffic days to the added pressures on ambulance services to the delays in receiving care in overburdened emergency rooms with long wait times and short staffing.”

Chris also addressed this subsequent effect of PeaceHealth’s decision, “the longer it takes to receive adequate care, the more dire the situation ends up being for the patients.”

Awareness of the impact that this closing will have on not only the student population, but the general populace as well, is vital in combating this catastrophe of an executive decision. These reactions are not overreactions in the slightest, as the drastic effects of this measure will not be fully understood until they are felt.

When I inquired as to the reasoning behind the PeaceHealth executives’ decision, the answer was anything but surprising.

“They told us it’s because of money...they have been closing rooms in our facility for at least the last year.”





Chelsea Swift, a representative of CAHOOTS (Crisis Assistance Helping Out On The Streets), a non-criminal emergency response team in Eugene, touched on the hypocrisy of a not-for-profit hospital with surplus funds at their disposal looking to close down a location that has a dire need for the medical care it provides. Not only does this affect those going to the University District Hospital, but it also means lost jobs for the workers who, just recently, signed a union deal for the upcoming year.

“We live in a county with a suicide rate 65% higher than the national average with some of the highest youth suicide rates in the country. Does it seem reasonable to close down our psychiatric

emergency room? No. We are out here supporting nurses and hospital workers, who had just secured a year’s long union contract just days before PeaceHealth turned around and told the same workers they were shutting down their workplace. Does that seem respectable or reasonable? No. PeaceHealth claims they operate UDH at a loss, but this so-called non-profit healthcare corporation has 8 billion dollars in their bank account, and their CEO Liz Dunn makes 6.2 million dollars a year. Does that seem fair or reasonable to you? No.”

Chelsea speaks not only to this specific instance of corporate greed leading to a major sacrifice made on the behalf of everyday citizens here in Eugene, but also to the healthcare crisis plaguing those in need of affordable medical care across the country. The placement of capital over human need is abhorrent, but has become a norm. Chelsea touches on this point elegantly as well, as a flurry of supporting honks canvas the background of her convictions.

“As someone who brings sick and struggling patients into this hospital every single shift that I work, I am not interested in playing the game of what is reasonable or not. I’m not interested in living in a county whose healthcare system is dictated by capital and profit in the first place. This is about right and wrong, and this is about life or death. The decision makers of the ruling class are always asking poor and working people to be reasonable, as they disrespect us, degrade us, and reject our expertise in favor of a bottom line, consultant recommendations, and law and order. I am asking everyone here today to not let go of the fear, the sadness, or the anger that you felt when you first heard about the decision to close this hospital, because those responses are reasonable.”

To follow along with this ongoing dispute and for information on further actions you can take to show your support, visit www.oregonrn.org/page/SaveEugenesHospital.



BAKLAVA

in the wake of it all,
after capital's fall:
i will lie down with you
in the garden we've grown
with our sweet picnic lunch
and there we will eat
the baklava made
in the kitchen we've shared
with our family found
amid the tumult;
and if: you wish it
i'll teach you how
to count the stars
as many above
as ways you can teach me
to roll out the dough:
we'll learn from each other -
with baklava on
our lips.

Both Poems By:
Resonants

photo from haze

They call this train the Empire Builder
each gilded town along the vast Imperial artery
a hurried disruption of wood, and I consider
if cities are wounds or organs
Maybe each border is marked by hatchet trails
veins, a main street where the grain of 'worn wood
hits the air and bleeds sap
I grasped a hatchet from my dad's army pack when I
was younger
filled with grim purpose of building my own empire
violently hack empty space from bleeding parts
and finally, with fire in my heart
chopped the roots of ancient trees
that I believed had no grand purpose
that I thought were just a nuisance
But it is not useless; every poisonous heart can seed
and sprout
or finally be dried and pounded out for healing tincture
and maybe this punctured canvas of a town can still be
left to dry
pulled and tied and stretched and broken up until
the streets are garden rows, sustaining a heart rebuilt
the silt glimpsed from the far jailbar windows
within each car of the Empire Builder

THE EMPIRE BUILDER

PLAYING WITH FIRE

By: Resonants

My love and I are planning a trip
into the forest, where we'll be,
honored houseguests of greenest geology:
and I will sing sweet campfire stories of fine dust and
good company,
leaving California behind.

The Golden Coast lit up by blazing
sirens of force, caught up in their hot impunity.

As we book our tickets, she says to get insurance,
so our plans won't go up in flames.

But when we get to the campground,
I will swim beneath those red woods,
I will give them to my dearest,
these tender trees that survive each fire/
to make a home beneath their boughs,
and tell our stories over s'mores.

Our vacation: a mirage I see on the pavement,
beneath each heat wave's satin sun.
'hottest summer on record', again.
'worst wildfire season', again.
while I have to push beg buttons just to cross the street,
and find some shade to rest in.

She coughs on the call, quietly.
the smoke billowing toward her to cook her lungs,
as bombs blow up over Ukraine
she whispers stories to feed the flames;

And her voice sounds like:
the felling of forests-
the fear of fire-
flirting with fascism-
fluttering of firearms,

My friends fight for housing, amid a temperature spike,
and I keep wondering if the next body I see on the
street
will be their scorched bones cooling on concrete -

She dials me in a fit of fervid coughs,
the forests fall from Bolsonaro's edicts,
and pressures erupt to protests in town
as cinders catch in her chest.

An asthma attack takes her to hospital-
the bill is as high as ambient temperatures.
in the parking lot where I stand;
my phone is hungry for her call:

Nine-thousand, two hundred forty-eight houses -
gone.

Homelessness holds her court and judges;
wildfire feeds the waters we had/ planned/ to visit-The
flames flicker, luff, and lull.

I take a breath/ clear of smoke/
save these hands from scoring with fire.
and wish,
know, that art. - art must snuff it:
the burning of more than trees.

Photo From:
Brigham B.H.

QUEER AND BRIGHT RED

By: Dorian Blue

Released in 1971, the Belgian film *Daughters of Darkness* is an interesting example of queerness in the horror genre. I watched it on recommendation of my dad, a film guy who knows my love of everything lesbian and vampire. From the start, I was intrigued by the spare opening credits, white text on a black background. They are accompanied by a haunting, empty melody plucked out on electric guitar. The combination creates a feeling of emptiness and foreboding. When the title is shown, everything morphs to crimson red, staying that way until the beginning of the first scene, which plunges the viewer into deep indigo night.

A newlywed couple, Stefan and Valerie, are eloping together. They're on a train to the beach town they are honeymooning and it's already obvious that their relationship is shaky. Stefan is older than her and both are hesitant to fully profess their love. Valerie is also concerned about Stefan's mother, who is part of the British aristocracy, and what she might think of their marriage. Stefan continues to dismiss all her concerns, quoting his mother, saying: "Stefan, we are different. That is God's gift to us. We must never debase it." Then, he kisses Valerie, trying to show her that he doesn't care what his mother thinks. Though, she isn't convinced. She makes him promise to call her when they reach the hotel.

Stefan and Valerie arrive in the town in the dead of winter. Their surroundings are gray and drab, with the sound of screeching sea birds the only constant. The inside of the hotel they're staying in, however, is full of color. The concierge is the only other person in the hotel with them, as they are there very out of season. They eat dinner together in the empty dining room, a wide shot showing how vast the lines of empty tables are.

Shadowed in darkness, another car arrives. A woman clad in all black steps out from the back, complete with a mesh veil over her face. Immediately, she's captivating. She has platinum blonde hair, pencil thin brows, and red lipstick, commanding the attention of the concierge. He's shook to his core, as she looks exactly the same as she did twenty years before. Her name? Countess Elizabeth Bathory, the name of a real noblewoman who is said to have tortured and killed hundreds of people for her own pleasure. The Countess was styled to echo Marlene Dietrich, famous Old Hollywood actress. Dietrich was known for her androgynous style; it was also an open secret that she was bisexual.

Countess Bathory notices the couple in the dining room and sets her sights on them.

"Look how perfect they are," she remarks to her companion, Ilona. Then, she becomes fixated on them.

It isn't Stefan the Countess concerned with, though. Her attention is wholly on Valerie, who is already drawn to her. Valerie wears white throughout the film and is portrayed as naive, an obvious foil for the Countess, who exclusively wears black, red, and purple.

The bright and highly saturated color palette is contrasted with the dark desires of Elizabeth. In many ways, she's the female manifestation of Dracula, also based on a mass-murdering historical figure. The film also has many plot beats that resemble *Carmilla*, a novel released twenty years prior to *Dracula* that tells the story of the vampire Carmilla seducing a noblewoman Laura.

In a heavy-handed, eroticized way, *Daughters of*



Darkness explores the ties between being monstrous and being queer. Step by step, Elizabeth seduces Valerie, while also enacting carnage on the town. Everyone, including the mysterious Stefan, has dark urges within him, and Valerie is batted between them like prey in a cat's paws. Though the convoluted, often labyrinthine, plot leaves a lot to be desired, the film delivers on aesthetics. Every shot is composed with a painter's eye, influenced by Expressionism and Surrealism. The viewer, just like Valerie, is drawn into a web of despair and bloodlust.

QUEER AND TRANS COMMUNITY

RESOURCES

Info From: Achilles



TRANSPONDER

Free Food Program

Thursdays 10 am- 4 pm at 1185 Arthur St., Eugene

Queer, Trans, and Disability Group

Meets Thursdays at 6pm on Google Meet- email info@transponder.community for the link

Help With Legal Name and Gender Changes

Email wellness@transponder.community or call 541-321-0872 for information

Trans Community Support Group

Meets 4th Saturdays at 3:30 pm online- email info@transponder.community for link

Injection Supply Program with HIV Alliance

Free delivery of injection supplies for HRT for those in need- for information go to <https://transponder.community/injection-supply-delivery-program/>

Resource Room

Open for Free Gender Affirming Clothing and Supplies 9am-5pm Mondays through Thursdays at 1185 Arthur St., Eugene

And more!

Visit <https://transponder.community/resource-directory/> for additional information.



HIV ALLIANCE

Gender- Affirming Hormone Therapy (GAHT)

Syringe Exchanges

Open for exchange of needles and pickup of other free supplies Tuesdays from 1pm to 3pm and Fridays from 12pm to 4pm at 1185 Arthur St., Eugene

Free Rapid HIV Testing

Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday from 2pm to 6pm and Friday from 12pm to 4pm at 1195 City View St., Eugene

BASIC RIGHTS OREGON

Documentation Change Navigation Help

Find on their website at <https://www.basicrights.org/know-your-rights> or contact them at resources@basicrights.org for more information

QUEER EUGENE

One Stop Shop:

Clothing, Vaccines, STI Testing, & Food

Available November 4th 12pm to 4pm at 129 9th St., Springfield

BROKEN STONES

By: Dorian Blue

Fog streamed around the headstones. Some were intact, others crumbling. Only a few stars managed to bleed through, the rest of the night coal black. The graveyard came to an awkward, jagged stop where the sand dunes began. Just like the city at large, it was always in a battle against the water and dunes. Filling in the bay to make more land was easy enough, but taming the sand was another undertaking entirely.

Raven preferred to watch this struggle, and others, from afar. Yet, she was always pulled into the chaos somehow. No matter how separated she felt from the world, she couldn't deny she was part of it. That night, she had decided to come out from the comfort of the shadows. A man, one she didn't trust at all, had requested to meet with her in the farthest flung cemetery, away from any prying eyes. It was about one of the criminal dealings she participated in, but she didn't know which. There was a roulette wheel of possibilities, and she didn't care to spin it herself.

Her short, black hair whipped around in the wind. The suit she wore was a dusty black, the overcoat the same. It made her pale face stand out in the darkness. She always had it tailored to create a more masculine frame. If she dressed like a man and carried herself like a man, her true identity didn't matter.

Someone walked down the muddy path behind her, doing his best to be quiet. She wanted him to think he had one over on her. The more arrogant they were, the easier to tear down.

"Mr. Starkweather?" he said, a few feet away.

She turned around and nodded. "To what do I owe the pleasure, Mr. Hansen?"

His face was gaunt, the pupils of his eyes shot with red. She held out her hand, which he shook. He hesitated before he spoke. To him, she was an influential man with power over an impressive swathe of the city. Though, one who preferred to remain behind the curtain. To have a meeting with Raven at all was a herculean feat. He didn't want to waste it.

He cleared his throat. "I wanted to see what you think about a new enterprise I'm helping with, and if you would like to become a partner in it."

"Do tell," she said.

"Now that gold isn't drawing in people like it used to, we've decided to move into some...different directions."

"Such as?" Her stare was commanding and impossible to look away from.

"I won't mince words," he said. "We're going to ransom people by taking them onto ships, then make them pay their way off."

"A dirty business indeed, Mr. Hansen."

"I know," he said, "but are you interested?"



She began to pace on the dirt. “I think you miscalculated how low I’m willing to sink. I’m not in the same dire financial straits as you.”

His face flushed red. “Well, still, we can cut you in, all we ask is that we can use one of your clubs or bars.”

She scowled. “Ah, I see. You want to put my reputation on the line for this.”

“That’s not it at all. We will handle everything — if anything goes wrong, none of it will fall back on you.”

She shook her head. “I’m afraid my answer is no.”

His face twisted, but he tried to keep his composure. His pants had a large rip at the ankle and there was dirt on his sleeves. As she looked him over, she could sense just how desperate he was. His heart pounded mercilessly in his chest, ravaged by his drinking and forays into opium. Neither were cheap habits, making it abundantly clear that any involvement with him would spell disaster.

All the abandoned cemeteries were rife with thieves and ne’er do wells, who wouldn’t hesitate to take everything a man was worth. Would one body, with bloodless white skin, ever be noticed? It lay above many more, forgotten by time. She grinned; she had made her choice. As she narrowed the space between them, her eyes twin flames of hunger, he backed away. It always took them a moment to comprehend the danger of her presence. She was the hunter, them the prey.

She grabbed him by the shoulders, his head lolling back. Veins danced under the skin of his throat. Before he could scream, she bit down. His blood steamed when exposed to the cold air. It rushed into her waiting mouth and down her chin. She never tired of the taste, or the way that it electrified her from the inside. The act of taking was what kept her going after so long. Time was a foggy, never-ending expanse, but her place in it never changed.

Once the last beats of his heart struggled to a finish, she let the body drop. She wiped her face with a handkerchief. He began to stiffen, eyes looking vacantly to the sky. She embodied their worst fears of a devil in the night. But more often than not, she passed among them, unnoticed. When most people were asleep, alive and unaware, she was there to snuff the candles out.

photo from haze

By CaTa Riley - 111204
N.C.S. 1000 Van Nuys rd.
New Castle, IN. 47362

Into the dark (I followed after my heart)
Pain was the prescription from the start,
with a constant fight (day & night)
2 bring my soul out the dark into the light

From the cotton fields (2 the killin fields)
Somethin' Bout us: Made em' Fear/hate/love our presence -
captured our body (but not our essence),
in a system taught falsehood & how 2 kill alongside an alphabet.
Who I am (can't remember) so I learned 2 4 get,
with a bull's eye on my back & chest: clear & present danger...
raised among were wolves, deceptacons (2 myself I was a stranger)
A path through the middle passage: a cargo of despair & greatness
brought 2 a new land & trained 2 oppress us.

My soul roamed the streets of higher planes searchin'
4 the Almighty...
From Philly, to the N-A-P, back to Cincinnati -
(every hood got an elm street & u Freddy),
where I was alone (in a zone)
searchin 4 rest with no peace...
my heart turned cold as darkness consumed my soul.
The anti-christ system cast its spell: the livin dead play
their role...
captivation, conquer & control -

Submission from: Cata Riley -111204

Text Below

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us.

WE WANT TO HEAR YOUR THOUGHTS!

mail to:
Student Insurgent
1228 University of Oregon
Eugene, OR 97403



prisons & graveyards filled with my people is their goal.

Follow the yellow brick road: deceived & propagandized by lies told
believing the concepts of Republicans & Democrats:
most are devils, deceptacons & Bureaucrats,
taking turns at bat, and u still don't know where u are at?
From the cross, to the streets & courtrooms (crucifixion is a fact)
Will you be ready 4 the next Act?

Living 4 today, 2moro the outer limits with pandemics,
is pandemics: the purge under cover of experiments & politics
Seeing what I saw in reverse (the blessing & the curse)
invoked the glyph & then the verse,
in between the wins & losses -
is the Void where impulse is shoved by Forces.
Moves - vs - Motives: (conflict between higher & lower directives)
where memories replay like a movie in a divine game
of thrones where nothing remains the same.

My shing was made my first sin...
waitin 4 the next excuse 2 Fear & Kill me. Follow -
with bitterness as broken glass I swallow.
Prison time helped to find a hidden path through,
the valley & shadow of death showed me False from true.
Still keeping hope 4 a new day,
I still fight - still believe - still pray!

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 waitin 4 the next excuse 2 fear & kill me follow -
 with bitterness as broken glass I swallow.
 Prison time helped to find a hidden path through,
 the valley & shadow of death showed me false from
 true.
 Still keeping hope 4 a new day,
 I still fight, still believe, still pray!

Surviving Background Checks

I applied for a job in the prison library
 (the sanctuary for many inmates).
 I jokingly asked if they did background checks.
 I got the job – I love my job!

But it got me thinkin’
 What the heck am I gonna do for
 a living on the outs?

“Ban the Box” my ass – this only delays the inevitable question.

Felons can’t be cops or firemen or paramedics.
 I once was an Emergency Medical Technician.

Felons can’t be teachers.
 I have teaching Degree.

Felons can’t drive cabs (or even Uber).
 I drove cab during college.

Felons can’t be doctors or even Vets
 Years ago I had been accepted into a Vet Tech program.

I’ve been told Parolees can’t be self-employed.
 I owned and operated my own company for 6 years.

Parole may not even allow me on a computer.
 I spent 12 years as a Computer Network Manager for an International Non-Profit.

Felons can’t be property managers or landlords.
 I used to be a property manager for my friend’s dad.

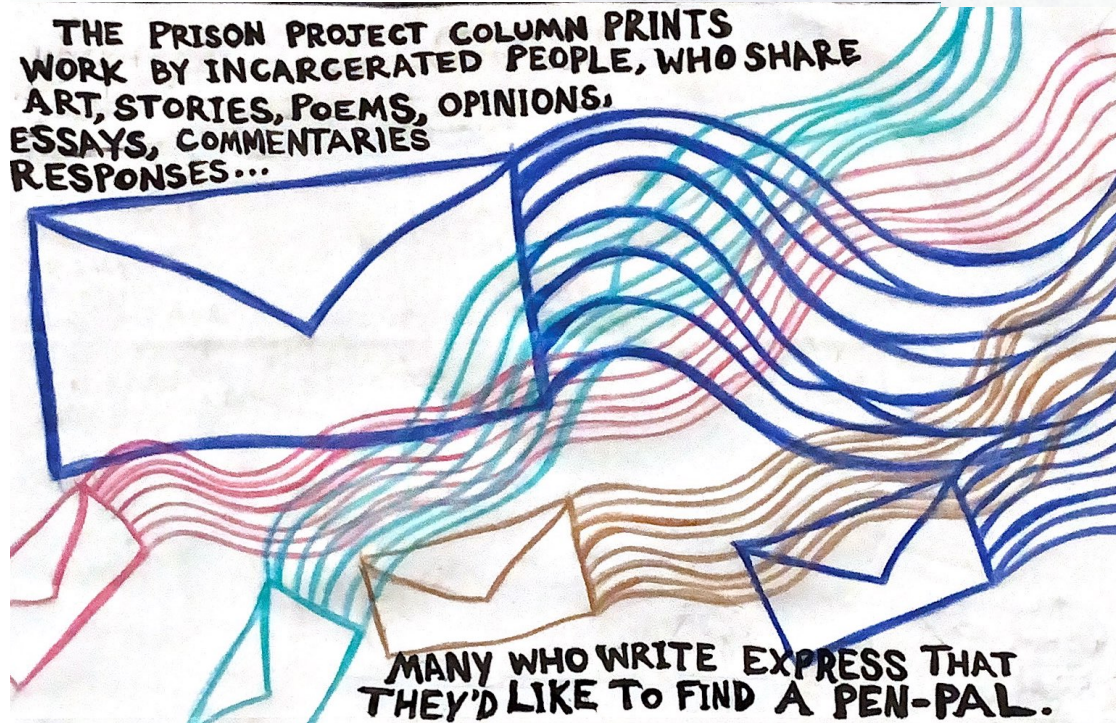
So I consider charity – welfare work
 (tho let’s not get started on felons and the priesthood!)
 But ironically, sadly
 Felons can’t even associate with other felons.
 My felony prevents me from visiting prisons and trying to help
 inmates successfully transition back into society.

Felons aren’t wanted anywhere.

We’re doomed to a solo life.

Which sucks.
 Because despite all my experiences
 skills and desire to affect a
 positive change in this world –
 I don’t know how I’m going to survive.
 I don’t know how I’m going to make a living.
 I don’t know if I’ll get over these hurdles.
 I don’t know.

So I write.
 I write about the perceived injustices.
 I write kites to try to make prison a better place.
 I write to Senators & Popes & Commissioners & Wardens.
 I write to express my fears
 and kindle my hopes.
 I write to the all the letters in the alphabet soup:
 ACLU, DOJ, LAMP, DHS, MSOP, LLSP etc
 Most of the time I’m ignored – but I don’t give up.
 I write to survive.
 And I am a survivor.



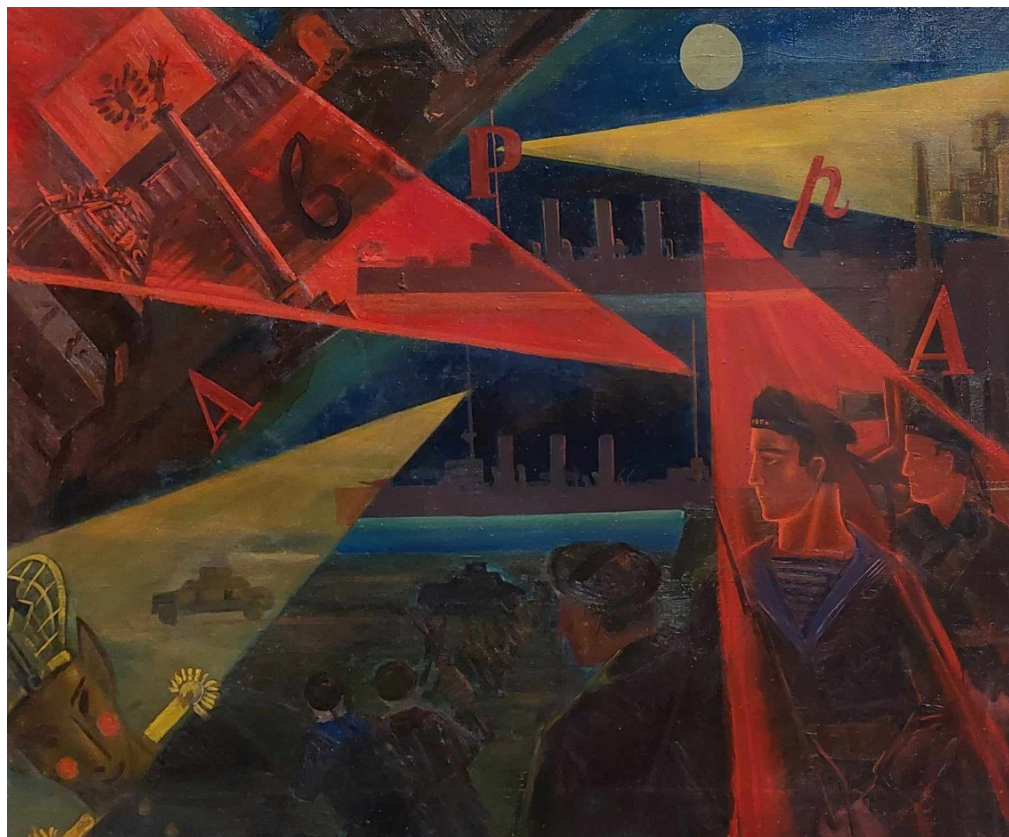
“Surviving
 Background
 Checks”

From:
 Matthew
 Feeney
 #173012

THE LEFT'S RUSSIA PROBLEM

By: ch0ccyra1n

This is not an essay about the far-right's relationship with the Russian state, as plenty of other journalists have already covered this, and re-hashing it here wouldn't be worth your time. This is actually about the pro-russia and pro-"peace" rhetoric that has infected every tendency of the left, particularly though not exclusively in western¹ countries. I'll primarily be focusing on two particular types of pro-Russia leftists and attempting to understand their arguments and reasoning, as well as naming names as far as organizations that fall into these camps.



The Unapologetic Pro-Russia Left

Firstly, looking at the unapologetic pro-Russia left, there aren't that many large organizations that fit this bill, but they tend to be almost entirely of a Marxist-Leninist (or let's be honest, Stalinist) tendency. Some 'democratic socialist' organizations such as the African National Congress² in South Africa also fit into this camp. The primary argument they make is that Russia's invasion of Ukraine and more broadly any actions of the Russian state are actions for the purpose of countering American imperialism. The expansion of NATO into

Eastern European countries since the fall of the Warsaw Pact in 1989 is often cited to explain this, as it is seen as a violation of Russia's sphere of influence. The problem with this viewpoint is that it rests on some faulty assumptions that are simply untrue. Firstly, it should be noted in contrast to the assumption that the post-Soviet expansion of NATO was a hostile takeover, the reason why countries in Eastern Europe largely joined NATO following the collapse of the Warsaw Pact was to protect themselves from future Russian aggression.

Regardless of whether or not NATO is truly a defensive alliance in its entirety, it certainly is from the perspective of those who would prefer not to be under the boot of yet another Russian Empire. Another faulty assumption of the unapologetic pro-Russia left is that two wrongs somehow make a right. One example of imperialism does not justify another imperialism. A "multipolar world" is not really any better, because now there are more empires when the goal is ostensibly the abolition of empire entirely. Invading a country in "defense" is hardly different from the "preemptive strikes" of other empires such as the United States or the British Empire. In short, the

1 The term "western" is vague, but for the purposes of this essay, it refers to the territories controlled by states in North America, the United Kingdom, the European Union, Australia and New Zealand

2 The ANC Youth League sent several members on jets owned by the Russian Air Force to the oblasts of Crimea, Donetsk, and Zaporizhia as foreign observers of the 'referendums': <https://www.info-res.org/post/explainer-the-foreign-observers-behind-ukraine-s-sham-referendums>

unapologetic pro-Russia left bases their support for an empire on perhaps the shakiest ground for an ostensibly left-wing grouping.

The ‘Both Sides’ Left

This one is a lot harder to write about, but also more common from my experiences interacting with leftists both in-person and online. An example of the type of argument made is that of Brazilian President Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva, who while condemning Russia, which is a step above the Unapologetic Pro-Russia Left, he creates a false equivalence, stating, “This guy [Ukrainian President Volodymyr Zelenskiy] is as responsible as Putin for the war. Because in the war, there's not just one person guilty.”³

In order to understand what's wrong with this, it is important to consider the history between Russia and Ukraine. In the year 1764, the Cossack Hetmanate, located in what is now northern and central Ukraine, was fully annexed into the Russian Empire. It remained under Russian imperial dominion, with a significant program of settler-colonialism known as Russification until 1917, when it declared a short-lived independence in the form of a state entity, the Ukrainian People's Republic. The Republic was led primarily by the Socialist Revolutionary Party, and the Free Territory of Ukraine. It was an attempt by anarcho-communists to establish a stateless and classless society. Ultimately, this was short-lived however, as the Bolsheviks crushed both movements, in spite of the latter initially siding with them in the wider Russian Civil War.

Now is a good point to bring up Vladimir Lenin's definition of Imperialism, which as the title of the work of the same name suggests, is “The Highest Stage of Capitalism”. The core of Lenin's argument is that imperialism is by definition, a product of capitalism. This was certainly convenient for him, as he (and those who subscribe to his definition of imperialism) could argue that the Soviet invasions of countries such as Ukraine, Finland, the Baltic States, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan were not imperialist because after all, only capitalist states can do imperialism. What then, might be a better definition that accounts for the fact that not all empires were capitalist or motivated solely by the accumulation of profit? Imperialism could be better defined as “when a state pursues the conquest of other territories, and [reaches] the status of a superpower,”⁴ Using this definition, we can then understand that Ukraine is a former colony of the Russian and later Soviet Empire. Once we understand this, it is no longer feasible to draw such a false equivalence, as Lula and so many others on the left do, between Ukraine and Russia in the context of the current invasion. One side is an empire fighting for the “Russian World”, the other is not. Are so-called ‘anti-imperialists’ seriously going to not support a fight against an empire? I would certainly hope not.

The Lack of Empathy and What We Can Do About It

This sort of stuff really should not have been a ‘debate’ in the first place. The people of Ukraine are suffering immensely right now as you are reading this, facing everything from airstrikes on their homes to the horrors of occupation, and there are still some on the left trying to be apologists about it. Do these apologists seriously lack any empathy? This is absolutely shameful, and I sincerely hope that those who genuinely stand for the oppressed peoples of the world consistently will reject this apologist nonsense. Remaining silent on this issue for this long has been my biggest regret as a member of The Student Insurgent, and for that I apologize. Please consider visiting <https://edist.ro/solidarity> and reading up further as well as providing actual support to those resisting the resurgence of the Russian Empire as much as you can.

3 <https://www.reuters.com/world/americas/brazils-lula-says-zelenskiy-as-responsible-putin-ukraine-war-2022-05-04/>

4 <https://www.anarchistfederation.net/misconceptions-about-imperialism-and-anarchist-collective-traumas/>

SPEECH FROM THE FREE PALESTINE SOLIDARITY RALLY

AND MARCH AT THE EUGENE FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

SATURDAY OCT 21ST **ERIC HOWANIETZ**

Every single attempt at non-violent resistance has been brutally crushed by the Israeli Army. Twenty years ago, I went to Palestine and helped organize resistance to a military occupation. I participated in scores of direct actions and protests with hundreds of international activists from around the world. All these sincere attempts at protest were met with a military response from the Israeli Army.

The occupation continued.

Injustice festered. It built edifices of hate. It built a prison infrastructure of walls and surveillance around every village. It fortified hilltops with armed reactionary zealots and gave them the full support of a nearly invincible modern army. It cut down olive trees, destroyed wells, demolished houses, terrorized the streets, and imprisoned, tortured, & murdered generations of youth.

The occupation continued.

I lived with the most hospitable people I had ever known. I was given respect and unquestioning sanctuary from the most educated & intellectual people in the Middle East. I saw most of the energy of the Palestinian people focused on two things, the education of their people, and the cultivation of their land.

Students would brave any oppression they faced, climb over any mountain path to complete an exam, or wait at checkpoints for hours to attend class. No tank could ever stop the school day in Palestine, even if getting to class meant running through machine gun fire, breathing tear gas, or being shot in class itself when an Israeli soldier raked a school with fire.

Farmers harvested olives from trees their families owned for hundreds of years. Every year right wing settlers would descend from the hilltops to brutalize Palestinian farmers, all the while as the Israeli army watched, nay laughed at the injustice and theft occurring. Harvests were stolen, thousand-year-old olive trees were cut down, people were beaten to a pulp, Israeli snipers killed with impunity. Every year the Palestinian farmers stood their ground on their land and came to peacefully harvest olives.

The occupation continued.

At one time Gaza was the most liberal part of Palestine with mini-skirts and belly dancers a common sight. Intellectuals and leftists organized, wrote radical theory, and built a solid argument against the colonial project that is Israel. Every other nation in the world, other than America, came to condemn the actions of Israel against the Palestinians. The balance had shifted, the argument was turning, the days of plane hijacking and hostage taking were coming to a close. Everyone now knew Palestine existed, everyone agreed that Palestine existed. The Israeli right wing was desperate, the Palestinian right wing was marginal. And so, the Israeli right wing helped the Palestinian right wing, and one justified the other. That's not a conspiracy theory, it's a historical reality.

And when a militarized right-wing Israel had its way, every Palestinian leftist or moderate that could run a war crimes trial, organize a general strike, accurately report the news, or even launch a guerrilla liberation movement, was imprisoned or assassinated.

The occupation continued.

Now I'm here twenty years after I discovered that everything I was told as an American about the Palestinian people was a lie. They are beautiful people, but even more, they are the bravest people I have ever known. This is not my opinion alone; this impression comes mostly from the South African international activist I worked with. Many South African activists came to Palestine, with their own country freshly out of Apartheid, they understood exactly what was going on.

I have many friends from Gaza, and they are poets, doctors, and engineers who know love. But when the walls of the world's largest open-air prison with the highest population density on earth were breached, horrible rage poured forth.

The occupation has continued, and its continuation is the root of all events that have transpired.

If we cannot recognize the tsunami of hypocrisy America stands in, then there is no doubt that everything we have seen will continue to repeat itself. We must join the global consensus in condemning

Israel's actions against the Palestinians over the last 75 years.

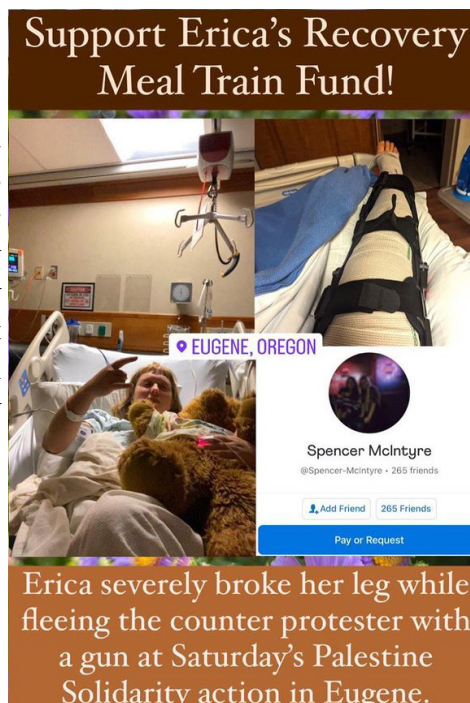
When we stopped funding South Africa, negotiations to end Apartheid started in earnest and resolved without widespread bloodshed. It's up to us as Americans to create similar conditions and force this American client state to make concessions, allow Palestinians to return, and end this conflict. Not only could it begin a lasting peace in the Middle East, but it could be the geo-political beginning of the end of fossil fuel dependence. Palestine is the key to politically unraveling the greatest crisis the world has ever known.

End the occupation of Palestine.

Solidarity,

Eric Howanietz

*Former President of UO Students United for
Palestinian Equal Rights (SUPER)*



At the 10/21 rally, a white supremacist agitator showed up and pulled a weapon. Nobody was shot, but in the chaos a comrade was hurt trying to get away from the dangerous situation.

To support Erica's recovery, venmo: @Spencer-McIntyre

BOOK REVIEW: *ENVIRONMENTAL BLOCKADES*

anonymous submission

Terania Creek, a rainforest under threat from logging, Australia, 1979: Hippies swarm worksites, spike trees, sabotage or sit in front of dozers, play a sort of honor-system treesitting game, barricade roads, tie trees together with cable, pour gasoline near illegally parked cop cars and divert a creek to flood the road, all while keeping their spirits high with omm circles, communal kitchens and childcare.

Environmental Blockades: Obstructive Direct Action and the History of the Environmental Movement, published in 2021, "aims to inform the theoretical and practical concerns of both [activists and academics]." Author Iain McIntyre refuses to let histories of resistance be forgotten or unexamined, as shown by his previous book *How To Make Trouble and Influence People*.

McIntyre starts with Terania Creek, continuing chronologically with more forest defense, anti-mining and dam construction struggles in Australia. He then follows with chapters in the United States and Canada — tracing movements' evolution from their first salvos in environmental direct action to the establishment of a common 'repertoire,' a tactical playbook, within each country.

Environmental Blockades succeeds in two ways: as movement history with fleshed-out sections on particular campaigns, and as an academic analysis of a particular set of tactics, how they arise, spread, and are solidified into a 'repertoire of contention.' McIntyre keeps the story arcs moving forward as he highlights the dynamics of tactical choice and innovation at play in each campaign. Academic books on social movement theory sometimes lack relevance to small group rowdy actions or front line environmental campaigns. This book bridges the gap between those drier texts and the inspiring, yet informal campaign narratives of journalists and participants.

Thankfully, McIntyre borrows more academic terms than he coins, 'Obstructive Direct Action' or ODA, being his major contribution. This is an umbrella term for physically disruptive tactics, which can be further categorized as soft blockades, barricades, 'enhanced vulnerability' (another original term, technical elaborations to the 'soft' strategy: lockdowns, tripods, and treesits for example), and sabotage. However, the author's main aim is not to classify tactics, it is to understand how and why certain tactics are invented, adopted or rejected, spread beyond their origins, and normalized into a movement's toolbox. To this end, the book describes three types of 'diffusion' or spreading of innovation: *direct diffusion*, *indirect diffusion* and *brokerage*. Direct diffusion

takes place face-to-face or through correspondence. Indirect diffusion includes any kind of publishing, including mainstream media depictions. Brokerage is used to describe the spread of innovations through the direct contact between entire groups- exemplified by the 80's 'Nomadic Action Groups' of Australia and the US.

McIntyre observes that "the diffusion of counter-tactics [ie, methods used to neutralize activists' tactics,] between different regions and the pace of innovation were generally much lower [between police forces] than among protesters." However, the exceptions to this trend are significant. For example, the Northern Lights Task Force, an interagency law enforcement grouping, compiled lessons the cops learned from one pipeline protest, Standing Rock, in order to suppress Line 3 resistance, a later one. Agency cooperation may be more likely with megaprojects. This counter-diffusion can also have a chilling effect, where innovators choose not to document or share their creations, in order to maintain the edge locally as long as possible. To that end, direct diffusion and brokerage may be preferable over generating media, which risks feeding counter-diffusion.

In contrast, people figure something out in response to urgent local circumstances, yet without broad sympathies, they may never ask themselves, "Where else could this work? Who else would want to know?" Concerted efforts at diffusion seem much rarer than incidental, sporadic contacts.

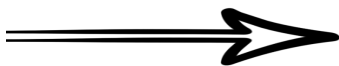
Near the conclusion, the author states that "tactical diversity peaked in the late 1990's, the point by which detailed environmental blockading manuals had been released. Although innovation has continued to occur, the main development since this time has been in the diffusion of tactics first developed in [Australia, the US, Canada and the UK] to other places and movements." Why? Is the field so narrow that the total number of unique tactics really are that limited? This assertion is the books' most chilling reality check.

McIntyre stops short of making specific recommendations or highlighting unsolved issues. Understandably, the author focuses on tactical choice, to the exclusion of full treatments of strategy and organization. At times, the analysis is too casual or brief; close reading, and writing in the margins may be required to notice all of the points he's making.

The book itself poses an issue with diffusion. A year ago, I intended to write this review but stalled out on reading the free PDF from Libgen. Hard copies are only available new, for \$45. As-is, it's not practical to print at home as a zine. That's just one of many small, yet solvable diffusion problems.

This book might be most helpful to anyone who's been frustrated by a lack of tactical options, or confused with how to use things in their toolbox. It could be useful to hard-skills trainers who care about context and not just detail. Anyone in school, unconnected, or just curious about different ideas might find it interesting. Of course, it's highly recommended to wild souls with an irrepressible urge to innovate, elaborate and experiment.

SUPPORT THE FILMMAKING WORK
OF A PAST *STUDENT INSURGENT*
CONTRIBUTOR




THE MODERN INSURGENT

**DOCUMENTARY
FUNDRAISER**

Support our work and help fund our independent journalists' journey to Chiapas, Mexico, where they will be documenting the stories and perspectives of the **Zapatistas**.

DECEMBER 2023

Your support helps keep independent journalism alive.



Art by Alexa (teehee my ig: alexa.cruz.abarca)

THE SPOOKY PLAYLIST



Andrew Gold – Spooky, Scary Skeletons (cuz obviously)

Sisters of Mercy – Black planet

The Cramps – I Was a Teenage Werewolf

Sonic Youth – Halloween

Selofan – Billie Was a Vampire

Bauhaus – Dark Entries

Type O Negative – Christian Woman

Screamin Jay Hawkins – I Put a Spell on You

Eartha Kitt – I Want to Be Evil

The Cure – A Forest

Julia Romana – Blood Be Fluid

Glass Spells – Thrills

Twin Tribes - Fantasma

Molchat Doma – Tocka (Melancholy)

The Cure – Lovesong

Type O Negative – Love You to Death

Siouxsie and the Banshees – Dear Prudence

Depeche Mode – Blasphemous Rumors

Nine Inch Nails – Dead Souls

Lacuna Coil – Heaven is a Lie

Camp Blu – Bloody Kisses

Mareux – Night Vision

Horror Vacui – Lost

Night Club – Die in the Disco

Sad Madona – Cemetary

French Police – Club de Vampiros

Crosses – Invitation

Big Thief – Vampire Empire

Sir Babygirl – Haunted House

Boy Harsher – Motion

Bauhaus – Silent Hedges

Serpentwithfeet – Four Ethers

I Monster – Lust for a Vampyr

Depeche Mode – Strangelove

AFI – Love Like Winter

Goblin Cock – Something Haunted

Type O Negative – Black No.1

Celtic Frost – Os Abysmi Vel Daath

Bauhaus – Stigmata Martyr

The Birthday Party – Release the Bats

Mortician – Witches Coven

The Cure – Lullaby

Soilent Green – Build Fear

Donovan – Season of the Witch

Crone Visions – Hex

Florence and the Machine – Seven Devils

Varsovia – Ellos Quieren Sangre

Tears For Fears – Watch Me Bleed

Norma Tanega – You're Dead

Daniel Johnston – Devil Town

Sneaker Pimps – Small Town Witch

Yves Tumor – Echolalia

Rob Zombie – Dragula

My Chemical Romance – Vampires Will Never Hurt You

Cocteau Twins – Pitch the Baby

She Wants Revenge – Written in Blood

Scary Bitches – Lesbian Vampyres From Outer Space

the bird and the bee – Witch

Bobby Pickett – Monster Mash

FILM REVIEW: LE DIABLE, PROBLEMENT (THE DEVIL, PROBABLY)

By: Brigham B.H.

"Do you know when civilization ends? It's when stupidity is accelerated."

I think stupidity could easily be replaced by selfishness here, but either way this sentiment rings true in contemporary American society as much as it did in France during 1977. People are so caught up in their prescribed livelihoods that they're unable to recognize what they're actually doing. Our young protagonist, Charles, recognizes this fact, but rather than accept his absence of control over the situation, he finds himself in an endless loop of despair and lack of solutions rooted in modern livelihoods being directed towards the attainment of money. His nihilism affirms itself in the worst possible way, as it is applicable to any situation through a repurposed perspective. To be frank, in terms of ethics, it's the easy way out. As Albert Camus once wrote:

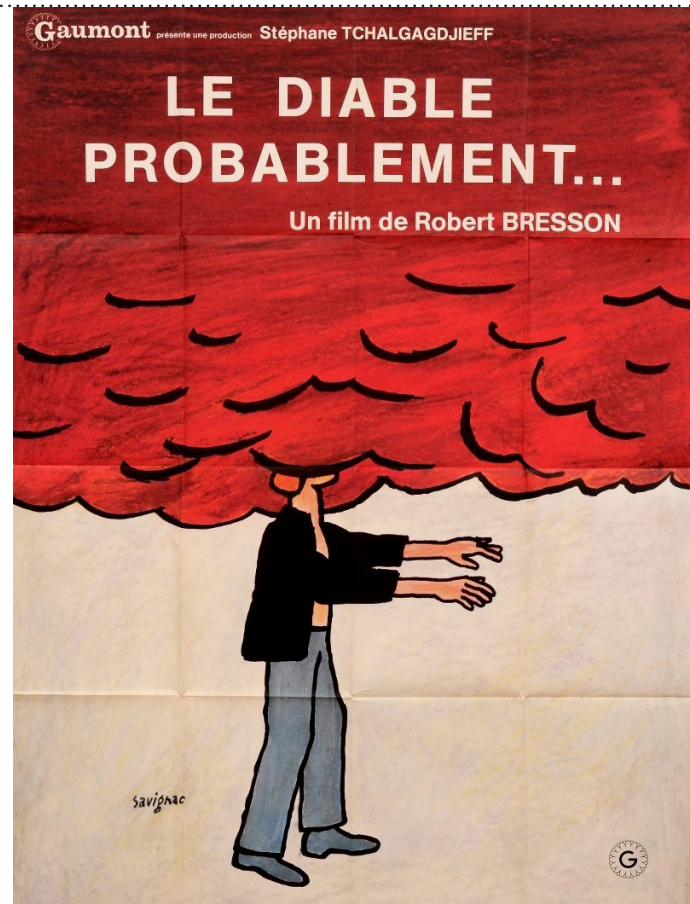
"There is but one truly serious philosophical problem and that is suicide" (The Myth of Sisyphus).

Rather than committing to a pragmatic activism through the mitigation of local environmental issues like Michel, Charles disregards the entire problem as meaningless due to the ultimate collective end point of human experience: death. We see the overwhelming damage people have done to the world in the opening sequence, but that leads to a less than satisfactory explanation as to why Charles ends his life in the face of this terror. Everyone has to face this reality, but the lens he has placed on the world has ingrained a constant sense of despair into his life, and his refusal to find solace in any aspect of his life is incredibly damaging to him and the people around him. He ultimately becomes just another tragic image in a world full of them, with the motivating factor being his recognition of the fact that even the life of his therapist is guided by the very thing he resents.

"When you look at someone through rose-colored glasses, all the red flags just look like flags" (Bojack Horseman, S2E10 Yes And).

Charles is doomed from the start in his pursuit of meaning and its subsequent contentment because he refuses to see the very real goodness in front of him. One cannot be fulfilled in the present moment when they view that moment as a constant lack. The film itself is a commentary on nihilism versus beauty. A society cannot be held as completely hopeless if the work of art we just consumed is so beautiful in itself, even if it did happen to make money. All films are portraits of life, so any direction found within a stream of moving pictures can be understood as a newfound perspective on life.

"If my aim was money and profit, everyone would respect me."



This is Charles' response to his lack of purpose, and as he begins to read through the standardized, predetermined life of the masses written out in some sort of publication, I cannot help but see a reflection of my generation in the even later stages of hyper-capitalist society. Our thoughts have been largely manipulated, or in extreme cases imprisoned, by mass media, with the only motivating forces in many people's lives being money or blissful ignorance to the glaring inequalities plaguing our system. The only sane people today are the ones with anxiety and depression. How could you not feel some sort of dread looking into such a dim future? In a world that is more militarized, has greater wealth discrepancies, and is closer to environmental collapse than ever before, it's no wonder that the number of suicides is equally as unprecedented.

But Camus ultimately found in his musings that suicide is simply a cessation of life, and not a solution to the problem of absurdity. Denying the meaninglessness of death is just as pointless as killing yourself since you are simply avoiding the confrontation altogether. Death is alternatively the source of meaning, since the actions taken within a finite existence have more innate value than an eternal one.

Charles removed the possibility of his survival when he put his agency in the hands of another, and before he dies we see he isn't ready; he has more to say, as everyone does when they are alive. Charles is haunted because the word value virtually no longer exists without a relationship to currency. We can't have blind hope that the future we will soon inhabit can be a reality void of money, but we also can't be consumed by despair that it is an impossibility. All we can do is act within our own capacities, generating meaning and genuine change within the spheres of life we find ourselves in.

We are losing our humanity at the hands of the people society has placed on pedestals for what reason? The number in their bank account? Any objective lens that has been placed on people to place us in a hierarchy is inherently flawed in its attempt, especially when the history tied to that value plays a bigger role than an actor in the present day. It is a shame that so many people cannot come to terms with the fact their life has been reduced to a number, their existence as a statistic.

"I don't wanna be a slave or a specialist," Charles laments as he sits in his leather chair.

The therapist diagnoses Charles with depression, further standardizing and dehumanizing the man he is trying to provide care for. So much modern therapy and psychological medicine is treated as a mechanic for your heart and mind. Any anxieties or existential concerns must be muted out by drugs to keep everyone in accordance with the ultimate goal of productivity. We work minimum wage jobs that have higher demand, both mentally and physically, than the people making millions. Meanwhile, the AI we are developing finds itself exploring the world of art and poetry.

Where the FUCK did we go wrong?

We strive to achieve or perceive something beautiful, but we are simultaneously discouraged to truly explore our own psyches, so many people are left to find beauty in the realm of greed and indulgence. Whether that be the repetitive nature of a bus door opening and closing, discussing the nature of religion in an empty church, or sitting by the water listening to an aspiring flute player, those who still possess some sense of sanity will always desire the beautiful. In a world increasingly stripped of its humanity, we must cling on to the little we have left inside of us. The only way we feel anything is by being alive to do so.

If life is meaningless, then death is senseless...
and money is The Devil, Probably.

R.A.D. MENTAL HEALTH BENEFIT SHOW



Saturday, October 7th marked the second annual Mental Health Awareness Benefit punk show put on by Radical Alternative Development (R.A.D.) Eugene. From noon til late, skaters, punks, bands, community orgs and hundreds of people of all ages hung out at the Washington Jefferson skate park to celebrate, build community, and share resources.

The Student Insurgent spent the day distributing our past issues, meeting rad people, having great conversations, and enjoying the music. Courtesy of R.A.D. Eugene, here's a few photos from the event, which was a definitive success.



What's Happening

VELOCUTION



**EUGENE CRITICAL MASS BIKE RIDE
EVERY LAST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH
MEET @ KESEY SQUARE @ 6:30 PM
JOIN US : OCT 27, NOV 24, DEC 29, JAN 26, FEB 29...**

Join our telegram channel: t.me/eugencriticalmass
follow our mastodon <https://mstdn.social/@Eugencriticalmass>



:returning:
apocalyptic black metal theater
(olympia)

aerial ruin
atmospheric folk
(portland)

Vele
dark ambient

Campbell Club
1670 Alder St. Eugene **11/07**
Doors 6:30pm, Show at 7pm
\$10.00 all ages masks encouraged

FILM SCREENING

**Sign Up for the 1st Ever
WILDFIRE RESILIENCE
HOOP-A-THON**

**Sunday, Nov. 19th
2:00-5:00 pm
McArthur Court
Eugene, OR**

SIGN UP HERE



  **OREGON
CONSERVATION
CORPS** 


The community is coming together at McArthur Court in November, to shoot baskets and make Oregon a more wildfire resilient place!

Each participant has 60 seconds to sink as many free throws as they can. Individuals, businesses, and organizations sponsor the event with donations and free throw pledges, so players can raise money with every shot they make!

Each tax-deductible donation helps provide young people with fire gear, jobs, and opportunities to make a difference in management and on the front lines.

**Covenant of the
Salmon People**

**November 14th | 6 pm to 8 pm
145 Straub Hall, University of Oregon**



RSVP at tinyurl.com/COTSPEugene

What's Inside...

Front / Back Cover

Art: Achilles

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1-2: My Plea to a World That Won't Give Me a Voice - Salem Khoury | 15-16: Prison Project - Cata Riley & Matthew Feeney |
| 3: SJP Statement on Current Events | 17-18: The Left's Russia Problem - chOccyraln |
| 4: GTFF Funeral - Adrian A. | 19: Speech from the Palestine Solidarity Rally - Eric Howaneitz |
| 5-6: United We Bargain, Divided We Beg - Dorian Blue & Azzi Lescio | 20-21: Book Review: Environmental Blockades - anonymous |
| 7-8: PeaceHealth Die-In - Brigham B.H. | 22: The Spooky Playlist |
| 9-10: Baklava, The Empire Builder, and Playing With Fire - Resonants | 23-24: Film Review: Le Diable Problemant - Brigham B.H. |
| 11: Queer and Bright Red - Dorian Blue | 25: R.A.D. Mental Health Benefit Show |
| 12: Queer and Trans Community Resources - Achille | 26: What's Happening Around Eugene |
| 13-14: Broken Stones - Dorian Blue | |



CONTACT US

www.studentinsurgent.org

1228 University of Oregon
Eugene, OR 97403



insurgentuo@gmail.com



[@uo.studentinsurgent](https://www.instagram.com/uo.studentinsurgent)



[uo_studentinsurgent@emeraldsocial.org](https://www.facebook.com/uo_studentinsurgent)